Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to Sea; their veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mou'd,
Varies againe, the griſled North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues:
The Lady ſhreekes, and wel-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauayle with her feare:
And what enſues in this fell ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelfe, it ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whoſe Decke
The ſeas toſt *Pericles* appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboard.

Peri. The God of this great Vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges,
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Braſſe;
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô ſtill
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble ſulphirous flaſhes: ô How *Lychorida!*
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the ſea-mans Whiſtle
Is as a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lychorida?* *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patrioneſſe, and my wife gentle
To thoſe that cry by-night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauayles? now *Lychorida.*

Enter